

And makes him rote these Accusations forth.

But he shall know I am as good.

Gloster. As good?

Thou Bastard of my Grandfather.

Winch. I, Lordly Sir: for what are you, I pray,

But one imperious in anothers Throne?

Gloster. Am I not Protector, sawcie Priest?

Winch. And am not I a Prelate of the Church?

Gloster. Yes, as an Out-law in a Castle keepes,
And vseth it, to patronage his Theft.

Winch. Vnreuerent *Gloster*.

Gloster. Thou art reuerent,

Touching thy Spirituall Function, not thy Life.

Winch. Rome shall remedie this.

Warw. Roame thither then.

My Lord, it were your dutie to forbear.

Som. I see the Bishop be not ouer-borne:

Me thinks my Lord should be Religious,

And know the Office that belongs to such.

Warw. Me thinks his Lordship should be humbler,
It fitteth not a Prelate so to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy State is toucht so neere.

Warw. State holy, or vnhallo'd, what of that?
Is not his Grace Protector to the King?

Rich. *Plantagenet* I see must hold his tongue,

Least it be said, Speake Sirrha when you should:

Must your bold Verdict enter talke with Lords?

Else would I haue a sling at *Winchester*.

King. Vnckles of *Gloster*, and of *Winchester*,

The speciall Watch-men of our English Weale,

I would preuayle, if Prayers might preuayle,

To ioyn your hearts in loue and amitie.

Oh, what a Scandall is it to our Crowne,

That two such Noble Peeres as ye should iarre?

Beleeue me, Lords, my tender yeeres can tell,

Ciuill dissention is a viperous Worme,

That gnawes the Bowels of the Common-wealth.

A noise within. Downe with the

Tawny-Coats.

King. What tumult's this?

Warw. An Vpore, I dare warrant,

Begun through malice of the Bishops men.

A noise againe. Stones, Stones.

Enter Maior.

Maior. Oh my good Lords, and vertuous *Henry*,

Pitty the Citie of London, pittie vs:

The Bishop, and the Duke of *Glosters* men,

Forbidden late to carry any Weapon,

Haue fill'd their Pockets full of peeble stones;

And banding themselves in contrary parts,

Doe pelt so fast at one anothers Pate,

That many haue their giddy braynes knockt out:

Our Windows are broke downe in euery Street,

And we, for feare, compell'd to shut our Shops.

Enter in skirmish with bloody Pates.

King. We charge you, on allegiance to our selfe,

To hold your slaughtering hands, and keepe the Peace:

Pray Vnckle *Gloster* mitigate this strife.

1. Serving. Nay, if we be forbidden Stones, wee'll fall
to it with our Teeth.

2. Serving. Doe what ye dare, we are as resolute.

Skirmish againe.

Gloster. You of my household, leaue this peeuissh broyle,

And let this vnaccustom'd fight aside.

3. Seru. My Lord, we know your Grace to be a man
Iust, and vpright; and for your Royall Birth,
Inferior to none, but to his Maiestie:

And ere that we will suffer such a Prince,

So kinde a Father of the Common-weale,

To be disgraced by an Inke-horne Mate,

Wee and our Wiues and Children all will fight,

And haue our bodies slaughtered by thy foes.

1. Seru. I, and the very parings of our Nayles

Shall pitch a Field when we are dead.

Begin againe.

Gloster. Stay, stay, I say:

And if you loue me, as you say you doe,

Let me perswade you to forbear a while.

King. Oh, how this discord doth afflict my Soule,

Can you, my Lord of *Winchester*, behold

My sighes and teares, and will not once relent?

Who should be pittifull, if you be not?

Or who should study to preferre a Peace,

If holy Church-men take delight in broyles?

Warw. Yeeld my Lord Protector, yeeld *Winchester*,

Except you meane with obstinate repulse

To slay your Soueraigne, and destroy the Realme,

You see what Mischiefe, and what Murthers too,

Haue bene enacted through your enmitie:

Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Winch. He shall submit, or I will neuer yeeld.

Gloster. Compassion on the King commands me flouge,

Or I would see his heart out, ere the Priest

Should euer get that priuiledge of me.

Warw. Behold my Lord of *Winchester*, the Duke

Hath banisht moodie discontented fury,

As by his smooched Browes it doth appeare:

Why looke you full so sterne, and tragicall?

Gloster. Here *Winchester*, I offer thee my Hand.

King. Fie Vnckle *Beauford*, I haue heard you preach,

That Mallice was a great and grieuous sinne:

And will not you maintaine the thing you teach?

But proue a chiefe offender in the same.

Warw. Sweet King: the Bishop hath a kindly gyrd:

For shame my Lord of *Winchester* relent;

What shall a Child instruct you what to doe?

Winch. Well, Duke of *Gloster*, I will yeeld to thee

Loue for thy Loue, and Hand for Hand I giue.

Gloster. I, but I feare me with a hollow Heart,

See here my Friends and louing Countrey men,

This token serueth for a Flagge of Truce,

Betwixt our selues, and all our followers:

So helpe me God, as I dissemble not.

Winch. So helpe me God, as I intend it not.

King. Oh louing Vnckle, kinde Duke of *Gloster*,

How ioyfull am I made by this Contract,

Away my Masters, trouble vs no more,

But ioyn in friendship, as your Lords haue done.

1. Seru. Content, Ile to the Surgeons.

2. Seru. And so will I.

3. Seru. And I will see what Physick the Tauerne af-

fords.

Exeunt.

Warw. Accept this Scrowle, most gracious Soueraigne,

Which in the Right of *Richard Plantagenet*,

We doe exhibite to your Maiestie.

Gloster. Well vrg'd, my Lord of *Warwick*: for sweet Prince,

And if your Grace marke euery circumstance,

You haue great reason to doe *Richard* right,

Especially for those occasions

At Eltam Place I told your Maiestie.

King. And

King. And those occasions, Vnckle, were of force:

Therefore my louing Lords, our pleasure is,

That *Richard* be restored to his Blood.

Warw. Let *Richard* be restored to his Blood,

So shall his Fathers wrongs be recompenc't.

Winch. As will the rest, so willet *Winchester*.

King. If *Richard* will be true, not that all alone,

But all the whole Inheritance I giue,

That doth belong vnto the House of *Torke*,

From whence you spring, by Lineall Descent.

Rich. Thy humble seruant vowes obedience,

And humble seruice, till the point of death.

King. Stoope then, and set your Knee against my Foot,

And in reguerdon of that dutie done,

I gyrt thee with the valiant Sword of *Torke*:

Rise *Richard*, like a true *Plantagenet*,

And rise created Princely Duke of *Torke*.

Rich. And so thrive *Richard*, as thy foes may fall,

And as my dutie springs, so perish they,

That grudge one thought against your Maiesty.

All. Welcome high Prince, the mighty Duke of *Torke*.

Som. Perish base Prince, ignoble Duke of *Torke*.

Gloster. Now will it best auail your Maiestie,

To crosse the Seas, and to be Crown'd in France:

The presence of a King engenders loue

Amongst his Subiects, and his loyall Friends,

As it disanimates his Enemies.

King. When *Gloster* sayes the word, *King Henry* goes,

For friendly counsaile cuts off many Foes.

Gloster. Your Ships alreadye are in readinesse.

Senet. Flourish. *Exeunt.*

Manet Exeter.

Exet. I, we may march in England, or in France,

Not seeing what is likely to ensue:

This late dissention growne betwixt the Peeres,

Bornes vnder fained ashes of forg'd loue,

And will at last breake out into a flame,

As festered members rot but by degree,

Till bones and flesh and sinewes fall away.

So will this base and enuious discord breed.

And now I feare that fatall Prophecie,

Which in the time of *Henry*, nam'd the Fifth,

Was in the mouth of euery sucking Babe,

That *Henry* borne at Monmouth should winne all,

And *Henry* borne at Windsor, loose all:

Which is so plaine, that *Exeter* doth wish,

His dayes may finish, ere that haplesse time.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Pucell disguised, with foure Souldiers with

Sacks upon their backs.

Pucell. These are the Citie Gates, the Gates of Roan,

Through which our Pollicy must make a breach.

Take heed, be wary how you place your words,

Talke like the vulgar sort of Market men,

That come to gather Money for their Corne.

If we haue entrance, as I hope we shall,

And that we finde the slouthfull Watch but weake,

Ile by a signe giue notice to our friends,

That *Charles* the Dolphin may encounter them.

Souldier. Our

And we be Lord

Therefore wee'll

Watch. *Che*

Pucell. *Peas*

Poore Market fo

Watch. Enter

Pucell. Now

ground,

Enter

Charles. Saint

And once againe

Bastard. Her

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Charles.

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Charles. You

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Or else let *Tal*

Pucell. Are ye

If *Talbot* doe bu

God speed the